

OCTOBER
No. 27



BLACKHAWK

10¢

*destroys a
WAR-MAD
MUNITIONS
MAGNATE!*





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Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

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IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
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\$3.95

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\$3.95

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MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
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☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
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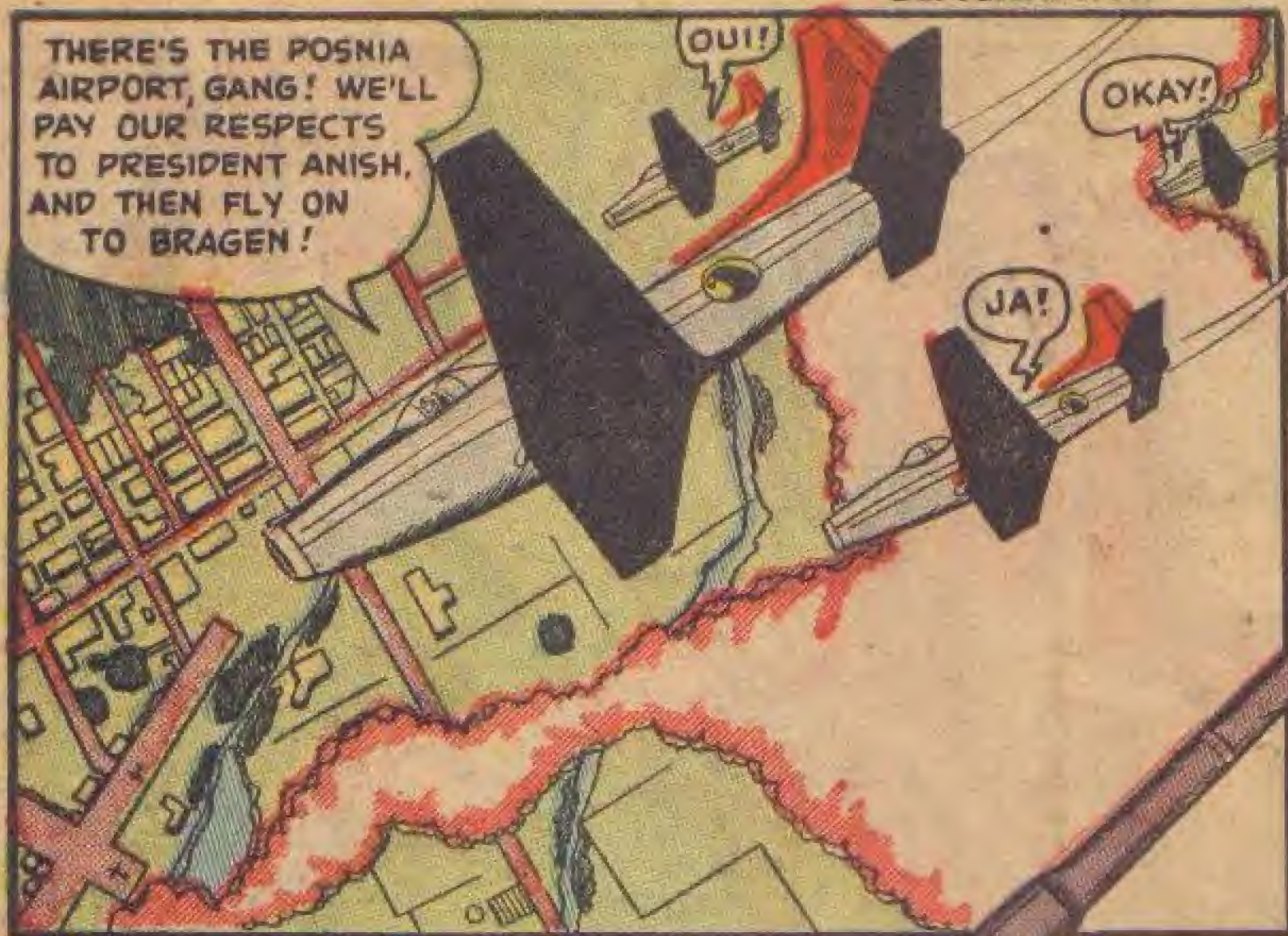
NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

BLACKHAWK



FOR A HUNDRED YEARS THE NEIGHBOR REPUBLICS OF BRAGEN AND POSNIA HAD BEEN FRIENDS! BUT WHEN THE BLACKHAWKS ARRIVED TO HELP CELEBRATE THIS CENTURY OF PEACE -- THEY FOUND THE TWO NATIONS ARMING FOR WAR!

BLACKHAWK HAD JUST TWELVE HOURS TO UNCOVER THE BLOODY HAND OF GREED BEHIND THE GATHERING STORM!



THERE'S THE POSNIA AIRPORT, GANG! WE'LL PAY OUR RESPECTS TO PRESIDENT ANISH, AND THEN FLY ON TO BRAGEN!

OUT!

OKAY!

JA!

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT...

THE MASTER WAS RIGHTLY INFORMED! IT IS THE BLACKHAWK DEVILS!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



FIRE!!



HEY! SOME YUG-HEADED YERK BAN SHOOTING AT US! AV VILL DROP A BOMB SQUARE ON DAT YOKER'S YAW-BONE!

NO, OLAF! BUZZ OFF, GANG!



FLY TO BRAGEN INSTEAD! I DON'T WANT TO START THROWING LEAD INTO A FRACAS UNTIL I KNOW WHAT'S COOKING!

OKAY, BLACKHAWK ...BUT I HATE TO GET SHOT AT WITHOUT SHOOTING BACK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE BRAGEN AIRPORT...

PRESIDENT ROGOS! THIS IS AN HONOR INDEED! BUT CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY WE WERE DRIVEN AWAY FROM POSNIA WITH GUNFIRE?

INDEED I CAN, BLACKHAWK! LATELY, THOSE POSNIAN FOOLS HAVE BEEN UP TO EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND OF MISCHIEF... SHORT OF WAR!



WAR? I DON'T GET IT! WE CAME TO HELP YOU CELEBRATE ETERNAL PEACE WITH POSNIA!

WE WANTED PEACE... BUT POSNIA IS FORCING US INTO WAR WITH INSULTS, INCIDENTS, THREATS, SABOTAGE! THEY'VE GONE MAD!





I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU AND PRESIDENT ANISH WERE OLD FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES!



AT THIS DISTANCE I CAN'T MISS!



AN ASSASSIN! HOLD HIM, CHOP CHOP!

HOW MY HEELS FEEL, HEEL?



YOU WON'T GET ME!

DON'T SHOOT, CHUCK! WE WANT HIM ALIVE! HE'S GOT SOME TALKING TO DO!



LOOK OUT FOR THAT SPINNING PROP!



BLUNDERING FOOL!

DONNERWETTER! HE FELL RIGHT INTO DOT PROP!

THAT'S HIS LAST WHIRL!

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH LEFT OF HIM TO IDENTIFY... BUT HE HAD THIS FLAG UNDER HIS JACKET!

THE POSNIAN FLAG! THAT SETTLES IT! I'LL ASK MY CABINET TO DECLARE WAR AT ONCE!

WAIT! I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THIS FRESH BULLET HOLE IN THE FLAG!

ONE OF MY LOYAL GUARDS MUST HAVE FIRED TO PREVENT HIS ESCAPE!



WE SAW HIM FALL BUT WE HEARD NO SHOT! YOUR GUARDS DON'T USE SILENCERS ON THEIR GUNS, DO THEY?

NO... ANOTHER POSNIAN MUST HAVE SHOT HIM TO SEAL HIS LIPS!



I CAN'T BELIEVE PRESIDENT ANISH AND THE PEOPLE OF POSNIA ARE BEHIND THIS! GIVE ME 24 HOURS TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE YOU DECLARE WAR, SIR!

IT IS UP TO MY CABINET! I'LL CALL AN EMERGENCY MEETING AT ONCE!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

YOU REALLY THINK SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO DRAG BRAGEN AND POSNIA INTO WAR? THAT'LL BE HARD TO UNCOVER!

NOT SO HARD... FIND WHO STANDS TO PROFIT BY A WAR--AND YOU HAVE YOUR GUILTY PARTY!



PRESIDENT ROGOS! DID THE CABINET VOTE TO GIVE US 24 HOURS TO AVERT WAR?

NOT QUITE, BLACKHAWK! THEY CAN'T DELAY MUCH LONGER!



THEY VOTED TO GIVE YOU TWELVE HOURS! IF YOU HAVEN'T CLEARED THE SITUATION BY 9 O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING, WE DECLARE WAR ON POSNIA!

ULP! I'LL DO MY BEST!



WE'LL FLY TO POSNIA AT ONCE AND TRY TO SEE PRESIDENT ANISH! HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD FRIEND!

YAH? DAN VY VAS HE SHOOTING AT US BEFORE? DOES HE TINK DAT'S A GOOD YOKE ON HARD-VORKING PILOTS?



COME IN LOW AND LAND HOT, GANG! THAT'LL CONFUSE ANY GUN CREWS THAT MIGHT BE ON THE ALERT!

VE HOPE!



THE LANDING AT POSNIA IS UNEVENTFUL!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MEN! THESE ARE OUR FRIENDS, THE BLACKHAWKS! THEY HAVE COME TO HELP US DEFEND OUR SOIL!

TAKE US TO PRESIDENT ANISH AT ONCE, CAPTAIN!



AT THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT BUILDING...

BLACKHAWK! THIS IS AN HONOR---AND A RELIEF! NOW JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL!

THANK YOU, PRESIDENT ANISH! BUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS TROUBLE?



I WISH I KNEW, BLACKHAWK! WITHOUT WARNING OR EXCUSE, BRAGEN BEGAN RAIDING OUR BORDERS, WRECKING FACTORIES, SENDING INSULTS!

HMMM! A FAMILIAR PATTERN...



THEN YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT ROGOS?

WHAT? POSNIANS ARE MEN OF HONOR! WE WOULD NOT STOOP TO MURDER, NO MATTER WHAT THE PROVOCATION!



THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT AND... LOOK OUT!

SACRE BLEU! A BOMB!



FAIR CATCH!

HIMMEL! THROW IT, BLACKHAWK!



BLACKHAWK



I CAN GUESS IN ADVANCE
WHAT THEY'LL FIND... A FLAG
OF BRAGEN UNDER HIS
JACKET!

WH... WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, BLACKHAWK?



SOME THIRD PARTY IS
BEHIND ALL THESE INCIDENTS
---DELIBERATELY FOMENTING
WAR BETWEEN POSNIA AND
BRAGEN FOR PRIVATE
GAIN!

WHO COULD
GAIN BY SUCH
A WAR,
BLACKHAWK?



ISN'T SARD KRUPA, THE
MUNITIONS KING, LOCATED
HERE? WHO COULD PROFIT
MORE THAN A MAKER
OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION?

BUT HE ISN'T GOING
TO PROFIT, BLACKHAWK!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE
WRONG...



KRUPA'S CASTLE AND
FABRIQUES ARE HALF IN
BRAGEN, HALF IN POSNIA!
HE SUPPLIES BOTH ARMIES
---AT ACTUAL COST!

THERE'S NO PROFIT IN
THAT! BUT I STILL WANT
TO PAY KRUPA A VISIT!
LET'S GO, GANG!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WELCOME, BLACKHAWKS! I
AM SIGLO, MR. KRUPA'S
SECRETARY! MAY I DRIVE
YOU TO HIS AUDIENCE
CHAMBER?

THANKS! IT'S
NICE OF HIM TO
SEE US AT THIS
LATE HOUR!







FASTER, GANG!
IF WE CAN NAIL
KRUPA, OUR JOB
IS FINISHED!

HOW OBLIGING
OF YOU TO
RUN IN HERE...



YOU WILL
STAY FOR
BREAKFAST,
OF COURSE?

TRAPPED!



WATCH OUT THE WINDOW,
BLACKHAWKS! MY OWN ARMY
IS READY TO MOVE ON POSNIA
---WEARING BRAGEN UNIFORMS,
OF COURSE!

IT'S NO USE, GANG!
THESE BARS ARE
TEMPERED
STEEL!



BY MORNING THE WAR WILL BE ON!
WITHIN A WEEK, HALF THE WORLD WILL
BE TAKING SIDES! TRY AND STOP
ME NOW!



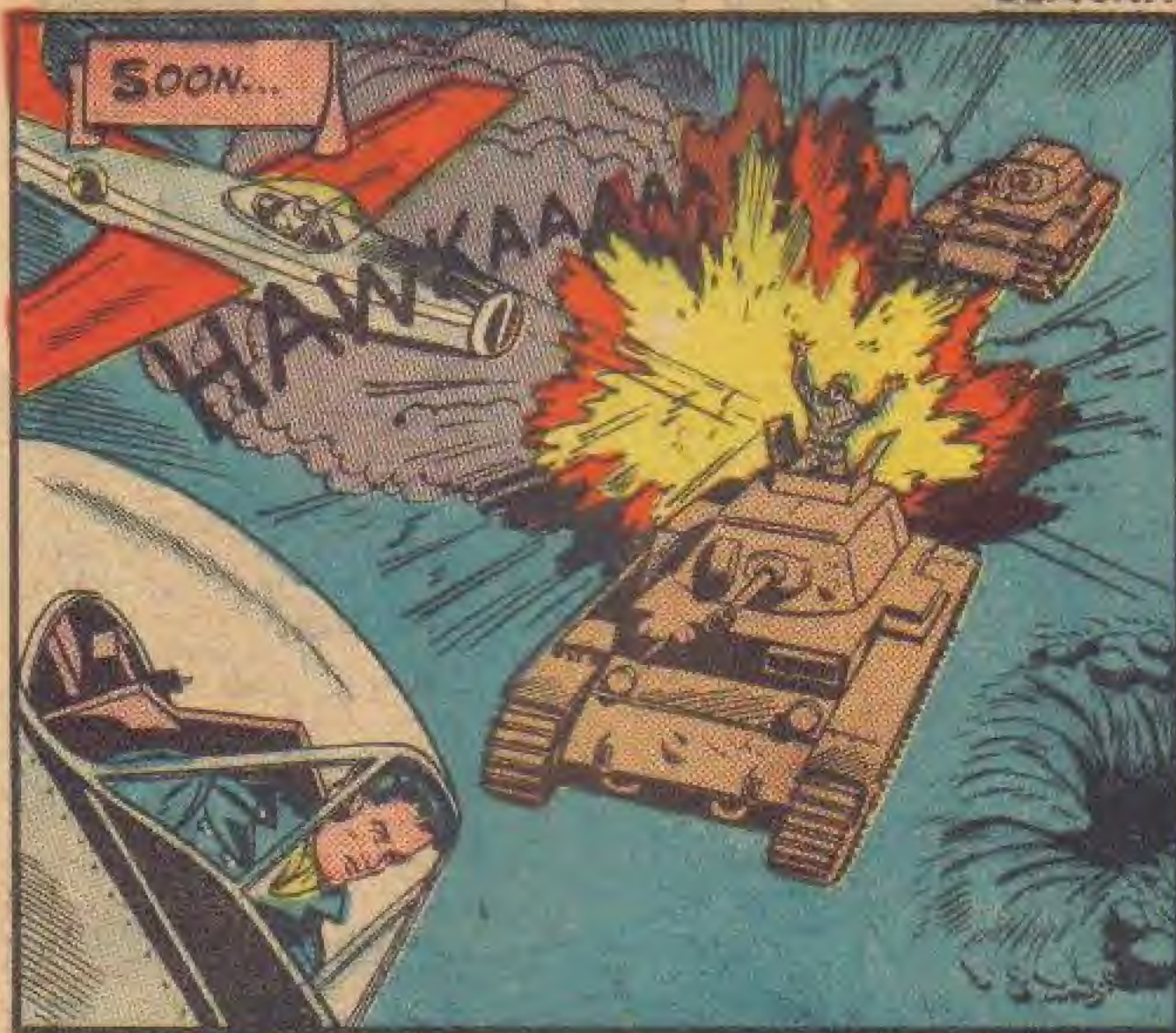
YOUR ORDERS ARE TO CAPTURE POSNIA BY
DAWN! MY PLANES WILL FLY AHEAD TO
SOFTEN THEIR CHILDISH DEFENSES! THIS
IS BOTH A MOVE FOR PROFIT AND A
PROVING GROUND FOR ALL MY NEWEST
WEAPONS! THE WHOLE WORLD WILL WATCH
THESE BATTLE TESTS!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT
TWO-BIT NAPOLEON, BLACKHAWK!
BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF
THIS BIRD CAGE?

WAIT!
I'VE GOT
AN
IDEA...





SOON...



BLACKHAWK! LOOK ON DAS KRUPPO FIELD! DEY LOOK LIKE YET-PROPELLED PLANES!

OKAY, OLAF! YOU AND HENDRICKSON PIN THEM DOWN WHILE WE FINISH HERE!



HAWKAAA! GOOD VORK, HENDRICKSON!

JA! DER WRECKS ON DER FIELD VILL PREVENT ODDERS FROM TAKING OFF! DER AIR ISS OURS!



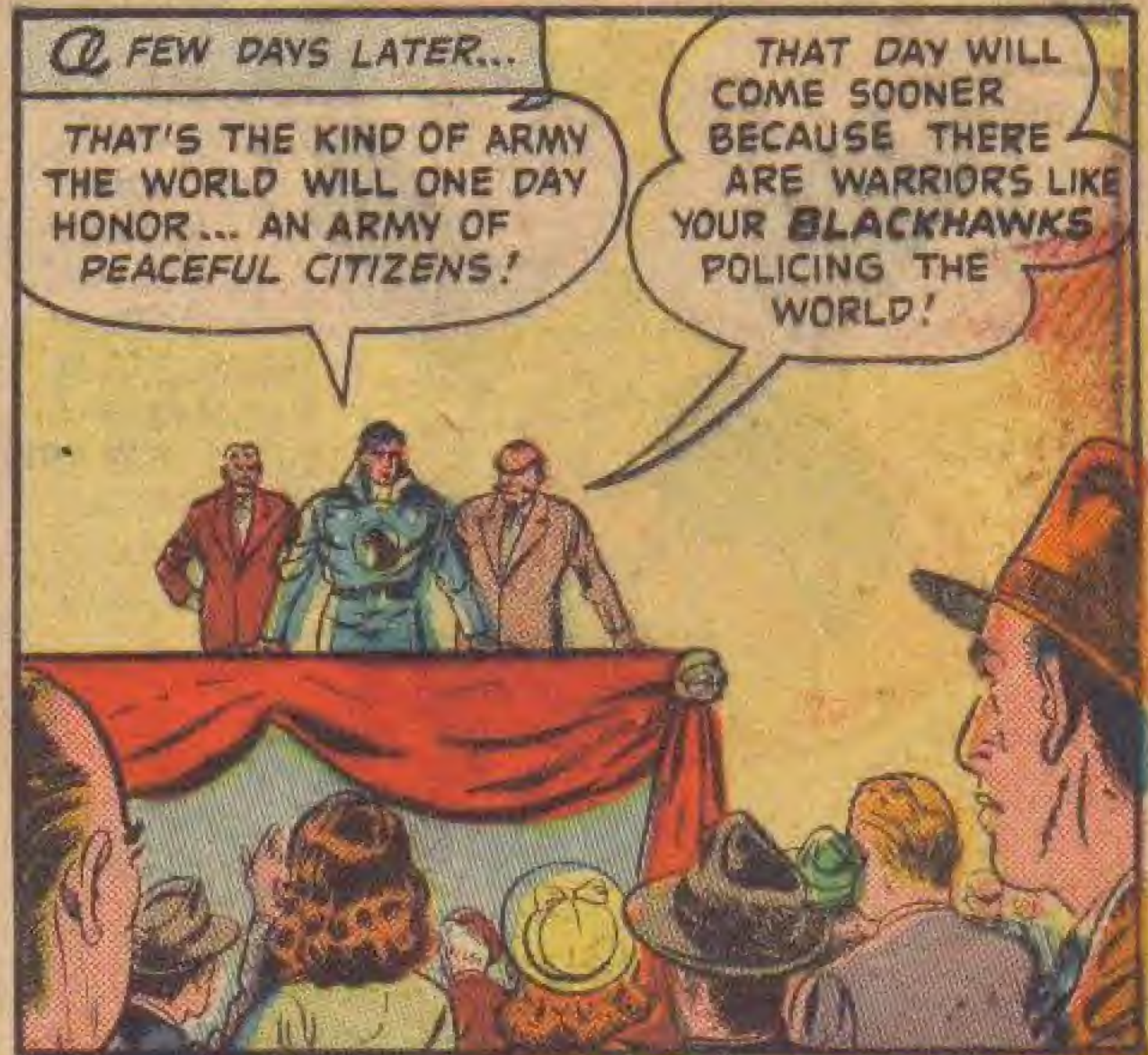
SUDDENLY...

THIS IS THE END OF KRUPPO'S STOREHOUSE AND FACTORIES!

BOOM!



BLACKHAWK... CALLING PRESIDENT ROGOS AND PRESIDENT ANISH! THE WAR THREAT IS OVER! PROCEED WITH CARNIVAL OF PEACE PLANS!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

THAT'S THE KIND OF ARMY THE WORLD WILL ONE DAY HONOR... AN ARMY OF PEACEFUL CITIZENS!

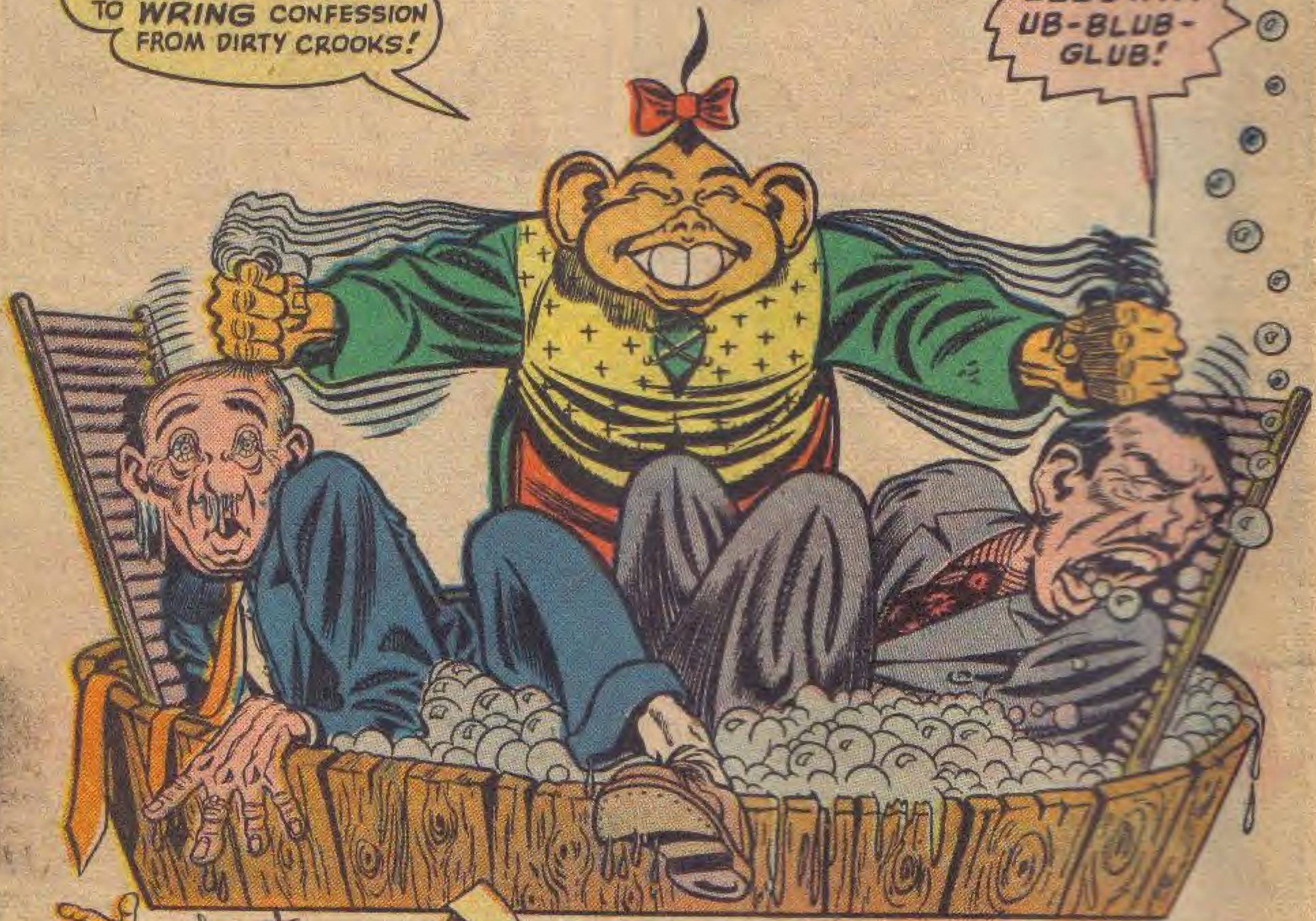
THAT DAY WILL COME SOONER BECAUSE THERE ARE WARRIORS LIKE YOUR BLACKHAWKS POLICING THE WORLD!

BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP

AFTER
CLEANING UP
CRIME, WILL PROCEED
TO WRING CONFESSION
FROM DIRTY CROOKS!

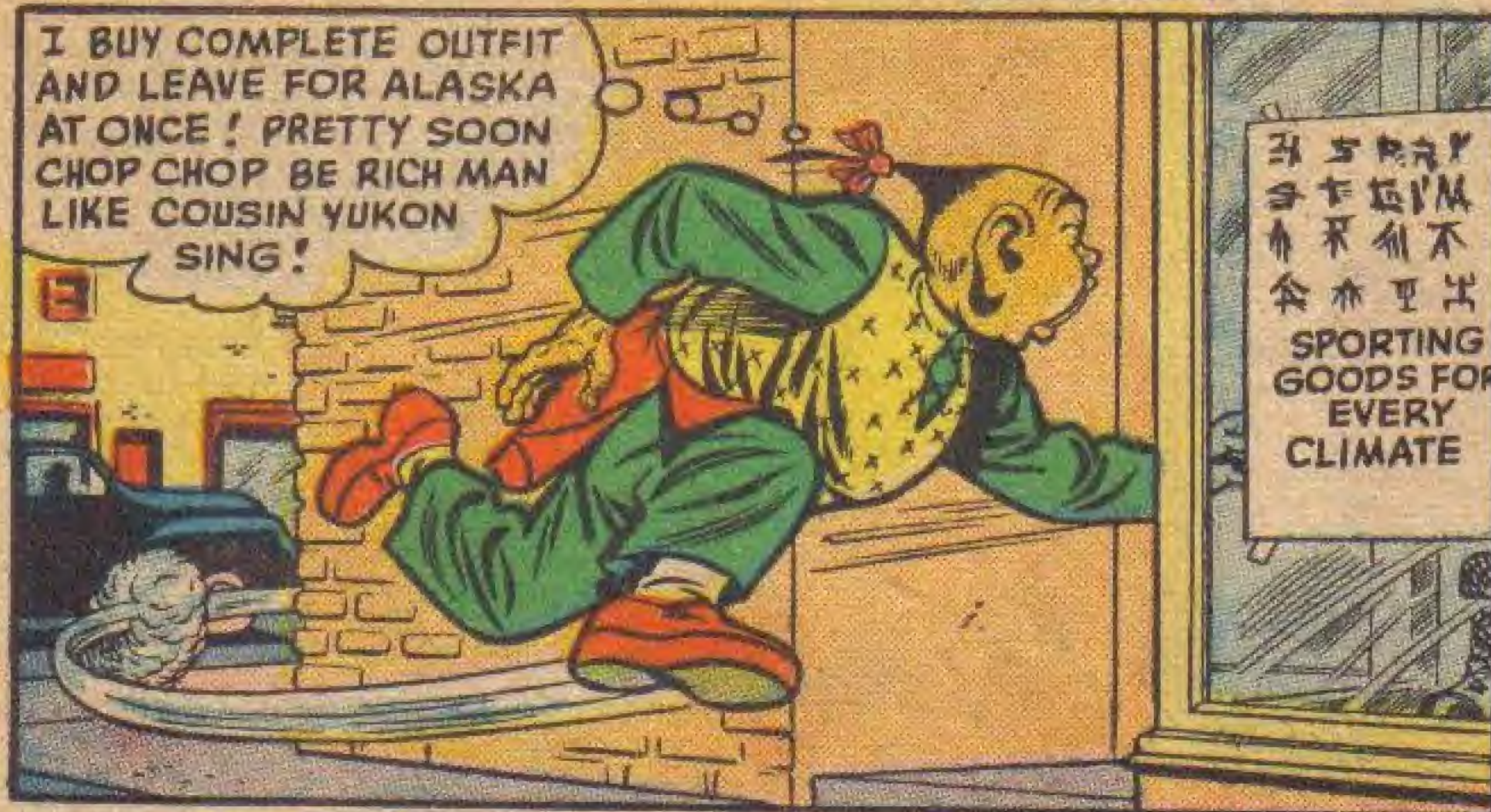
EEEOWW!
UB-BLUB-
GLUB!



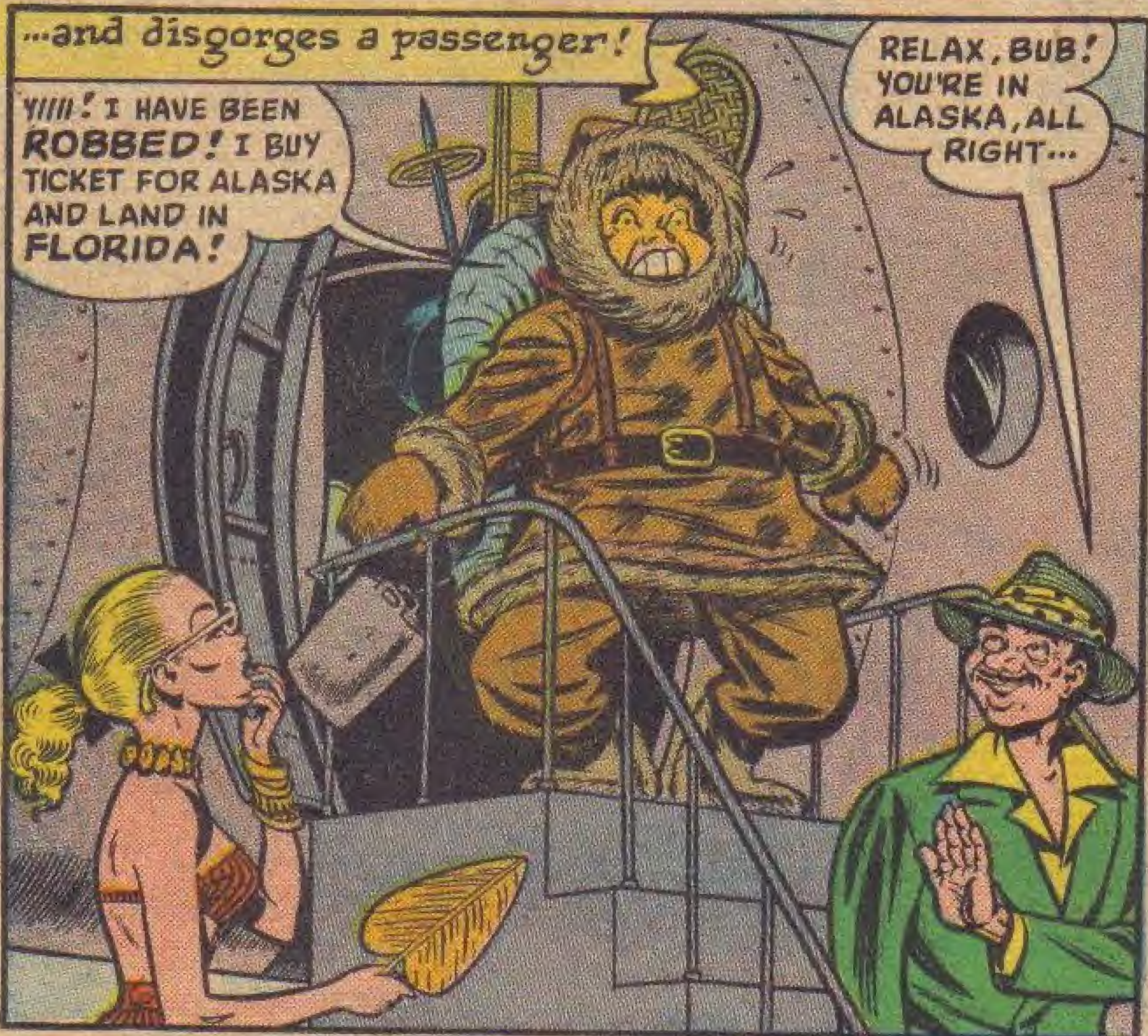
OH,
WOWSY
POODLES!
IS CABLE-
GRAM FROM
CHOP CHOP'S
VELLY DISTANT
COUSIN IN
ALASKA,
YUKON SING!



HE LONESOME FOR
CHINA... WANT TO GIVE
HIS GOLD MINE TO
CHOP CHOP SO
HE CAN GO HOME!



So, a few days later over an Alaskan airport... a passenger plane comes in for a landing...



IT SHOULD BE SIMPLE TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM ANYBODY AS DUMB AS HE IS!

YOU BET, BULL!

SO SORRY I NOT INFORM HONORABLE COUSIN OF SUMMER WEATHER IN ALASKA! A THOUSAND PARDONS!

IS NOTHING! PUFF-PUFF! CHOP CHOP ALWAYS LIKE TO BE PREPARED FOR NEXT WINTER!



ALL ABOARD FOR YUKON SING GOLD MINE!

YUKKK!



MUSHHH! MUSHHH, YOU HUSKIES!



IS VERY KIND OF HONORABLE COUSIN TO GIVE RICH GOLD MINE TO POOR RELATION LIKE CHOP CHOP!

IS NOTHING! I NOW ABLE TO RETIRE TO CHINA! GLAD TO GIVE AWAY GOLD MINE AND NEVER SEE SAME AGAIN!



ARE WE ALMOST THERE?

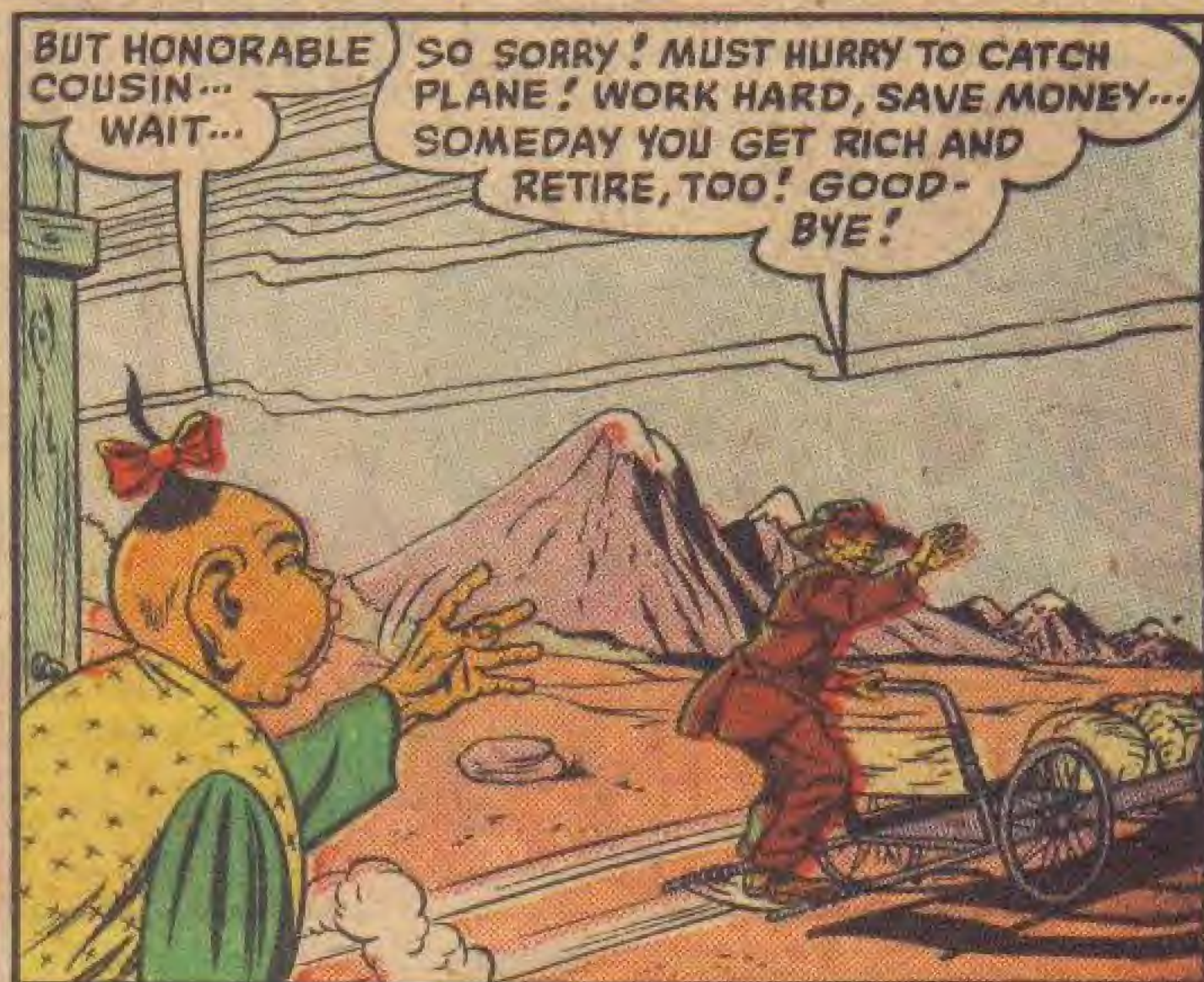
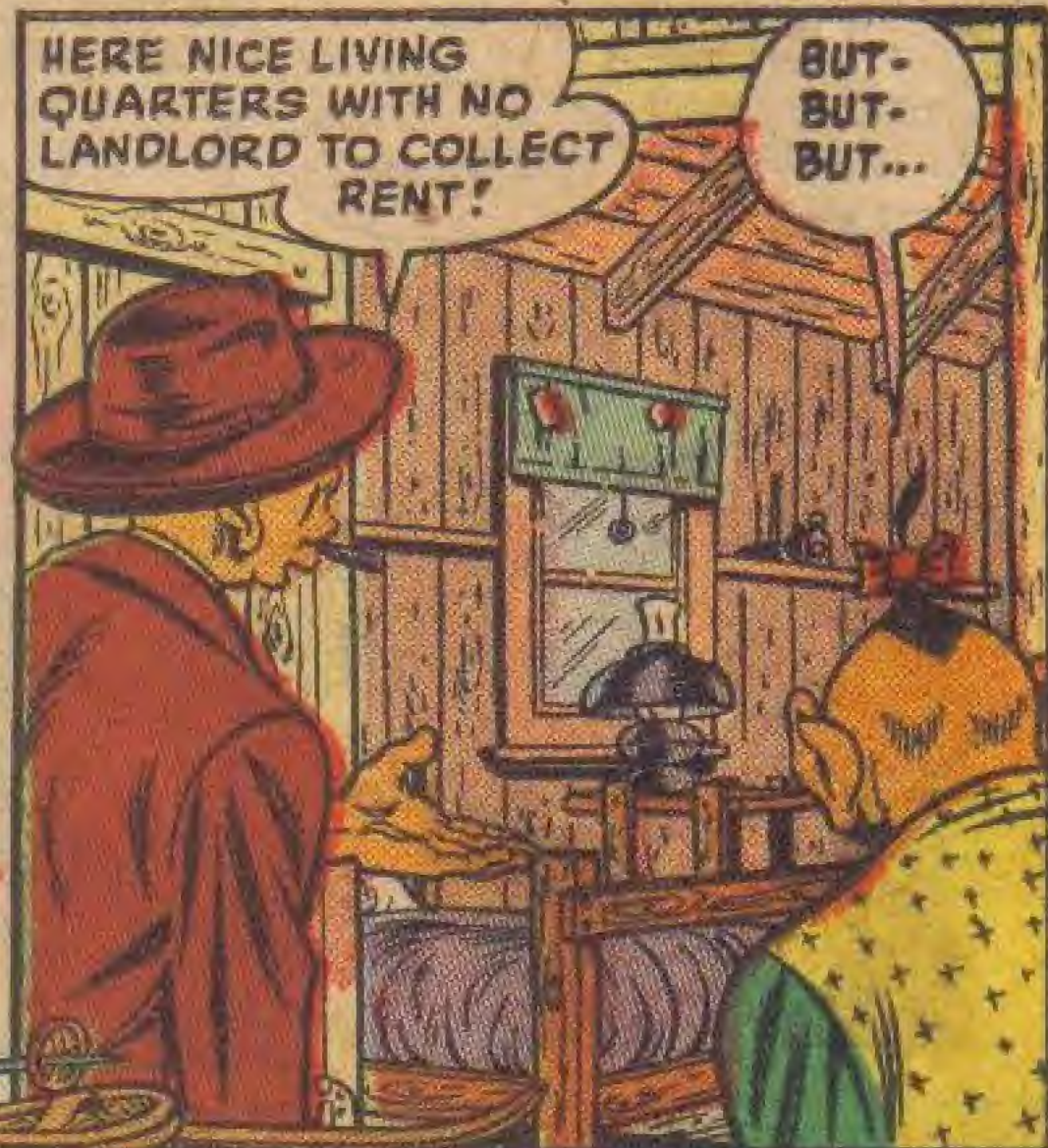
JUST AROUND NEXT BEND IN TRAIL!



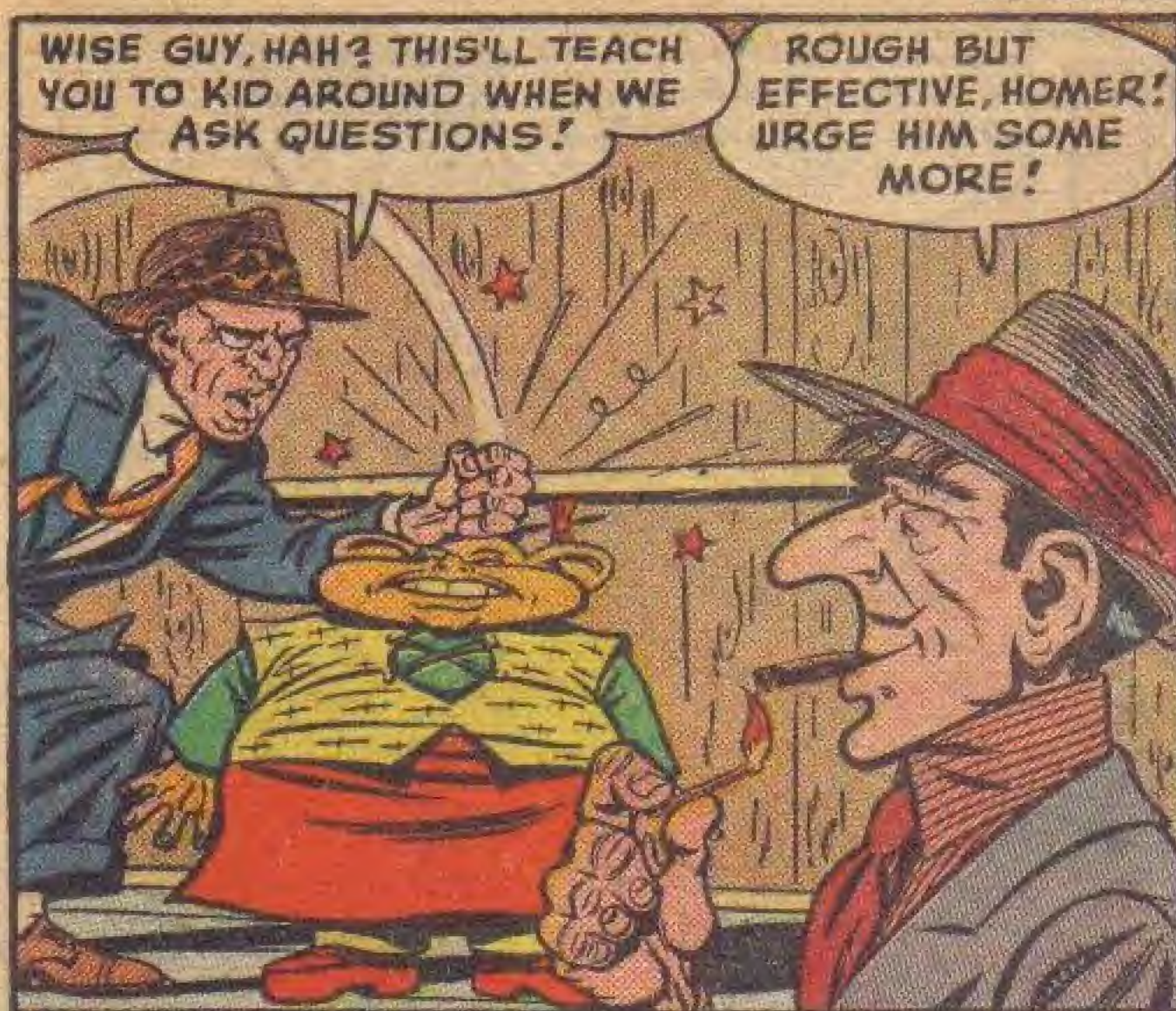
HERE WE ARE! YOUR NEW GOLD MINE IS READY TO OPERATE!

AWRRRK! G-GOLD MINE?

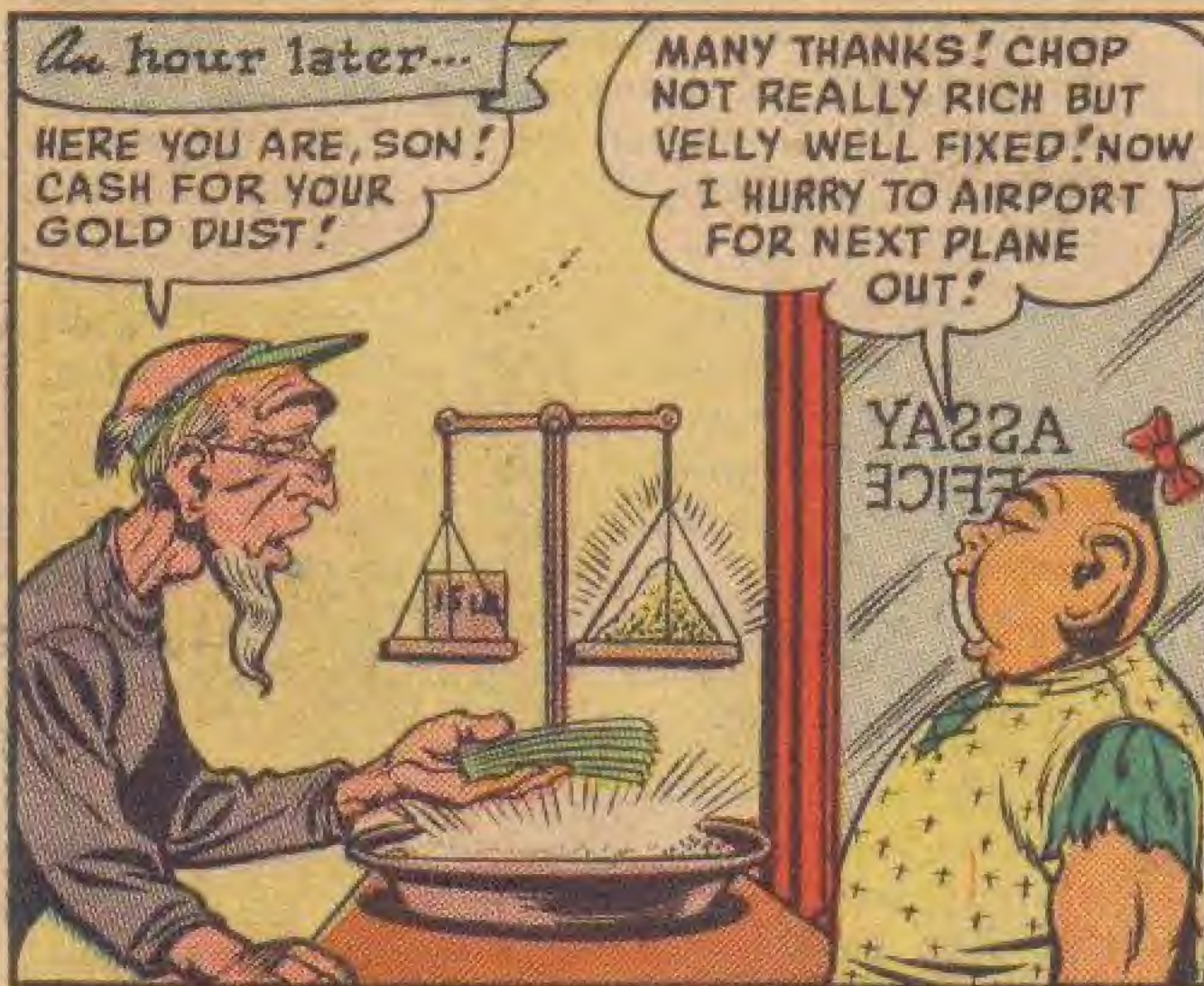
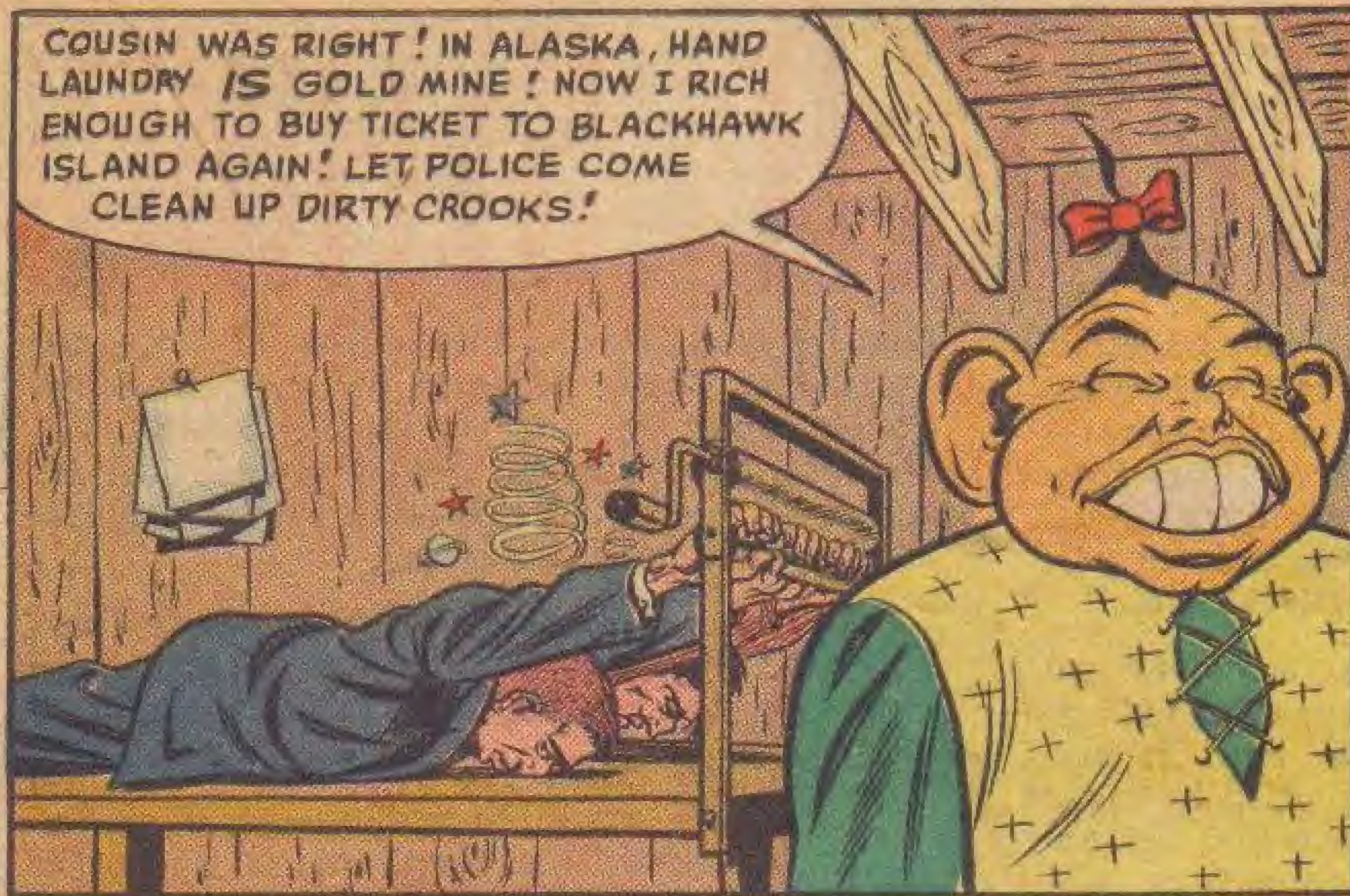












THE DESTROYER STRIKES

JUST before dawn the man who called himself The Destroyer lay on a crude raft and watched his powerful speed launch vanish beneath the dark waves. He laughed softly. "Tomorrow I'll have my pick of the world's finest fleets. For tomorrow I'll be known from pole to pole as the man who destroyed the Blackhawks."

Every detail of his plan was complete and perfect. A mile or so away lay the dark bulk of Blackhawk Island, citadel of the most famous champions of justice on earth, guarded by radar beams and deadly gun emplacements. No enemy planes or ships could approach it and survive. . . .

"But who," chuckled The Destroyer, "would turn guns on a poor, helpless castaway, victim of the last monsoon?"

His deadly scheme was simple. Disguised as the last survivor of a wrecked freighter, he could drift ashore and be welcomed by the Blackhawks without suspicion. Who could guess that inside the apparently solid timbers of the raft was stored enough high-powered explosive to destroy Blackhawk, his men and his headquarters in one terrible blast? The Destroyer's swift, silent launch had carried him to a spot where the current would inevitably carry him ashore. The rest would be easy. In a few hours every tyrant and dictator and international crook on earth would pay homage, and cash, to the man who had destroyed their worst enemy.

It was full daylight when the battered raft touched the beach and The Destroyer stumbled into the arms of Blackhawk himself, mumbling weakly of shipwreck and days of drifting. The famous band all crowded around.

"Chop Chop," Blackhawk ordered crisply, "hot soup, quickly. Andre, you and Olaf draw his raft up above the tide. Hendrickson, get a bed ready. Chuck, contact the mainland and see if any other survivors of his ship have been picked up."

The Destroyer hid a smile. He had overlooked nothing. There had been an actual freighter lost in the storm with all hands and he had taken the name of a seaman he knew was dead. Let Blackhawk check every detail of his story. There were no flaws, no mistakes to mar a perfect plan. He had even starved himself for days and soaked his body in salt water so that every move he made would be authentic.

He wolfed the hot soup Chop Chop prepared,

then fell into bed and into a sleep of unfeigned exhaustion. Dimly he heard the one they called Chuck reporting, "It checks, Blackhawk. The *Warnita*, Singapore to Sydney, was lost in the storm, all right, and a seaman by the name of Martin was among the crew."

"And the timbers of his raft are marked *Warnita*," Blackhawk said. "Let the poor devil sleep now. We can land him ashore later."

It was dark when The Destroyer awoke. He lay for a time, assembling his moves. From another room came the sound of voices as the Blackhawks relaxed in their club room. He heard Chuck and Blackhawk talking, the guttural accent of Hendrickson, the French of Andre, the Scandinavian of Olaf, the suave voice of Stanislaus and the sing song of Chop Chop.

Soundlessly The Destroyer slipped from his bed. An open window beckoned and a moment later he was outside on the warm sand. The Headquarters building was blacked out to foil possible enemies but the Blackhawks were all there. It would take but a moment to get the explosive and blow them all to Eternity. He ran down the sloping beach to his raft, drawn up under the palm trees.

Kneeling, The Destroyer pried up the carefully hidden lid and drew out the tiny package of destruction. Still on his knees he adjusted the fuse that would make it explode on contact. He turned to scramble up and then he froze, incredulous, gaping.

"Sorry, Destroyer," said Blackhawk coldly from the shadows, "but your plan was a flop."

They were all there, the entire Blackhawk band, with clenched fists and cold faces. A choked sound was all the answer The Destroyer could make.

"You came to Blackhawk Island for a reason," Blackhawk said. "The current that carried you ashore begins only two miles out. Beyond that you'd have drifted away from here. That's how we knew you were phoney. We played along to see your scheme."

Wildly The Destroyer whirled to flee. His foot caught on a timber of the raft. He felt himself pitching forward, clutching the deadly, sensitive bomb. He had time for the beginning of a scream of pure terror before the blast drowned everything in a mighty torrent of sound and fury.

BLACKHAWK

SUPERSTITION... ONE OF MANKIND'S OLDEST OPPRESSORS! A PEOPLE ENSLAVED BY THEIR BELIEF IN WINGED **DEATH-DEMONS**... UNTIL THE **BLACKHAWKS** CAME TO PROVE THAT THESE MYSTERIOUS TERRORS WERE FRAUDS!





I HEAR WINGS
FLYING ABOVE ME...
OR IS IT IMAGINATION?
SOON THE **DEATH-
DEMONS** COME...



YOU MAKE
OUT THAT
FIGURE ON
THE PLAIN
BELOW,
ANDRE?

MAIS OUI,
BLACKHAWK!
I WEEL LAND...
FOLLOW ME DOWN!



WHO ARE YOU,
STRANGER? QUICK!
FLEE! HIDE BEFORE
THE **DEATH-DEMONS**
TAKE YOU, TOO!

NEVER! I AM
ANDRE OF ZE GREAT
BLACKHAWKS...
COME TO RESCUE
YOU, FAIR
ONE!



WE HAVE GOT
WORD OF ZE
TERRIBLE
SUPERSTITION
OF YOUR COUNTRY...
HOW EACH YEAR
YOUR PEOPLE
SACRIFICE ZE
MOS' WISE AND
BEAUTIFUL SON
OR DAUGHTER
TO AN EMPTY
LIE...

IT IS NO LIE,
STRANGER!
LOOK... THE
DEATH-DEMONS
COME FOR
ME!



WHAT
HORROR!



SEIZE THE
GIRL... CARRY
HER TO OUR
MOUNTAIN...

NOT WHILE
ANDRE IS
HERE TO
STOP YOU!



SO, A RASH
MORTAL
DEFIES US!
CARRY HIM
OFF, TOO!

HAWKAAA!



THEY FIGHT LIKE ANIMALS! FLY AWAY, MY FRIENDS.. WE WILL TAKE VENGEANCE LATER!



YOU ARE THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWK OF WHOM I HAVE HEARD?

YES, MISS! ANDRE YOU KNOW ALREADY! THIS IS CHUCK, AND YONDER IS OLAF!



AND THESE ARE STANISLAUS, HENDRICKSON... AND CHOP CHOP! ALL OF US ARE GLAD TO HAVE SAVED YOU FROM THOSE UMBRELLA-WINGED MONSTERS!

I AM IONA! BUT ALAS, I FEAR YOUR FIGHT WITH THEM WILL BRING DISASTER TO ALL MY PEOPLE!



THERE ON MOUNT DEMON DWELL THE FIENDS... WHERE YOU SEE THE SUN RISE! SINCE TIME'S BEGINNING WE HAVE SACRIFICED TO THEM... OUR WEALTH AND LABORS AND OUR FINEST YOUNG PEOPLE!

SO WE HEARD, YONDER IN CIVILIZATION! THERE SEEMS TO BE MORE TO THE DEMON STORY THAN SIMPLE SUPERSTITION!



LET'S ASK SOME OF THE PEOPLE JUST WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

USELESS, BLACKHAWK! THEY TIED ME OUTSIDE TO BE CARRIED OFF... THEY'LL REJECT ME NOW!



GO AWAY, UNBELIEVERS! YOUR INTERFERENCE HAS BROUGHT THE DEMON CURSE UPON US!

SAID I NOT SO? YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME VANISH IN THEIR CLAWS!







BLACKHAWK!
I'VE COME
TO HELP
YOU!

IONA, YOU
SHOULD
HAVE
STAYED
WHERE IT
IS SAFE!

SAFE? MY OWN
PEOPLE CON-
DEMND ME...
THE DEATH-
DEMONS WILL
KILL ME ON
SIGHT! AS WELL
ONE AS THE
OTHER!

OUR FIGHT
PROVED
THAT THOSE
DEATH-DEMONS
AREN'T INVINCIBLE!
BUT NONE OF
THEM SEEMS
TO SHOW HIS
FACE!

LOOK! THIS
ROCK IS
LOOSE!

BLESS
YOU, FRIEND,
FOR FINDING
ME! PULL THE
ROCK AWAY
AND LET ME
THANK YOU!



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT THE DEATH-
DEMONS?

I KNOW THEM
ONLY TOO WELL!
THEY HAVE KEPT ME
PRISONER HERE WITH
MANY OTHERS! COME
INSIDE,
I'LL SHOW
YOU!



THEY LIVE IN THE
CAVES OF THIS
MOUNTAIN! ITS
INNER FIRES
GIVE THEM LIGHT
AND HEAT...THE
FOLKS THEY
CARRY OFF ARE
THEIR
SLAVES!

BUT ARE THEY
MEN OR ARE
THEY MONSTERS?

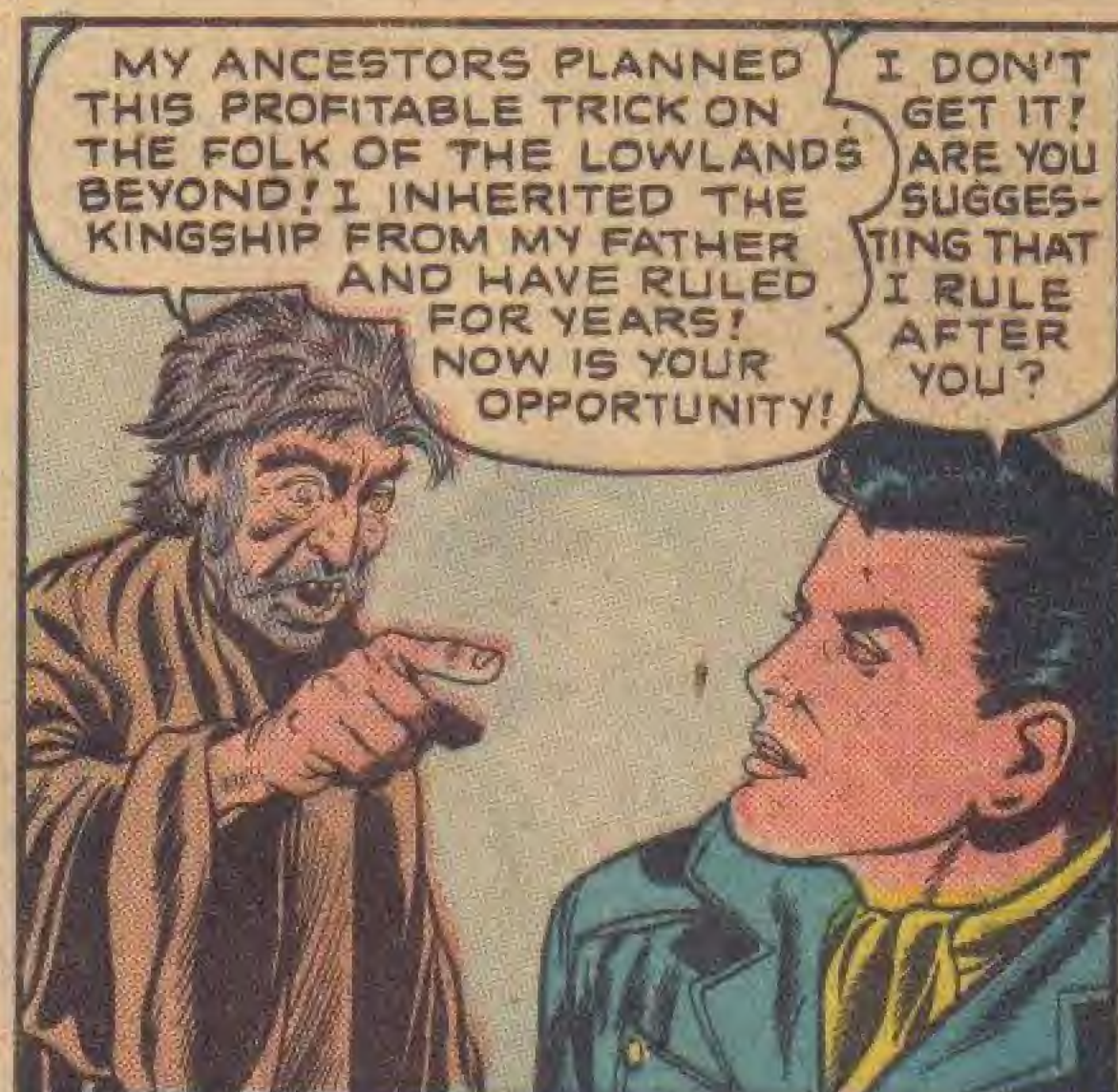


MONSTERS, AND
OF THE WORST!
WINGED, TALON-
HANDED,
FANGED...

THEN
WHAT'S
THIS
RIG?



MASK AND GLOVES ARE
EASILY PUT ON...
BUT THESE WINGS!
AMAZING MACHINERY,
AND I CAN SEE
HOW THEY CAN
ACTUALLY MAKE
A MAN
FLY
WHEN
HE
WEARS
THEM!









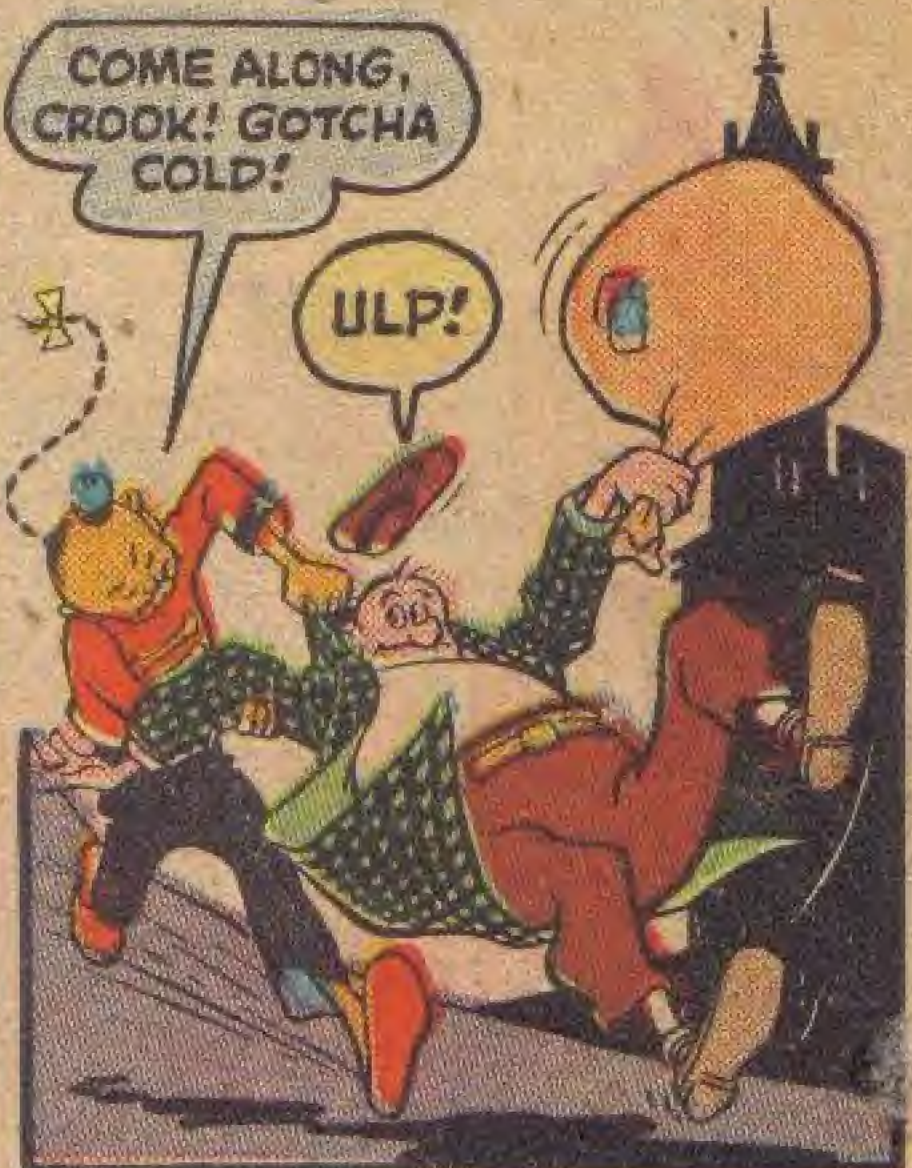
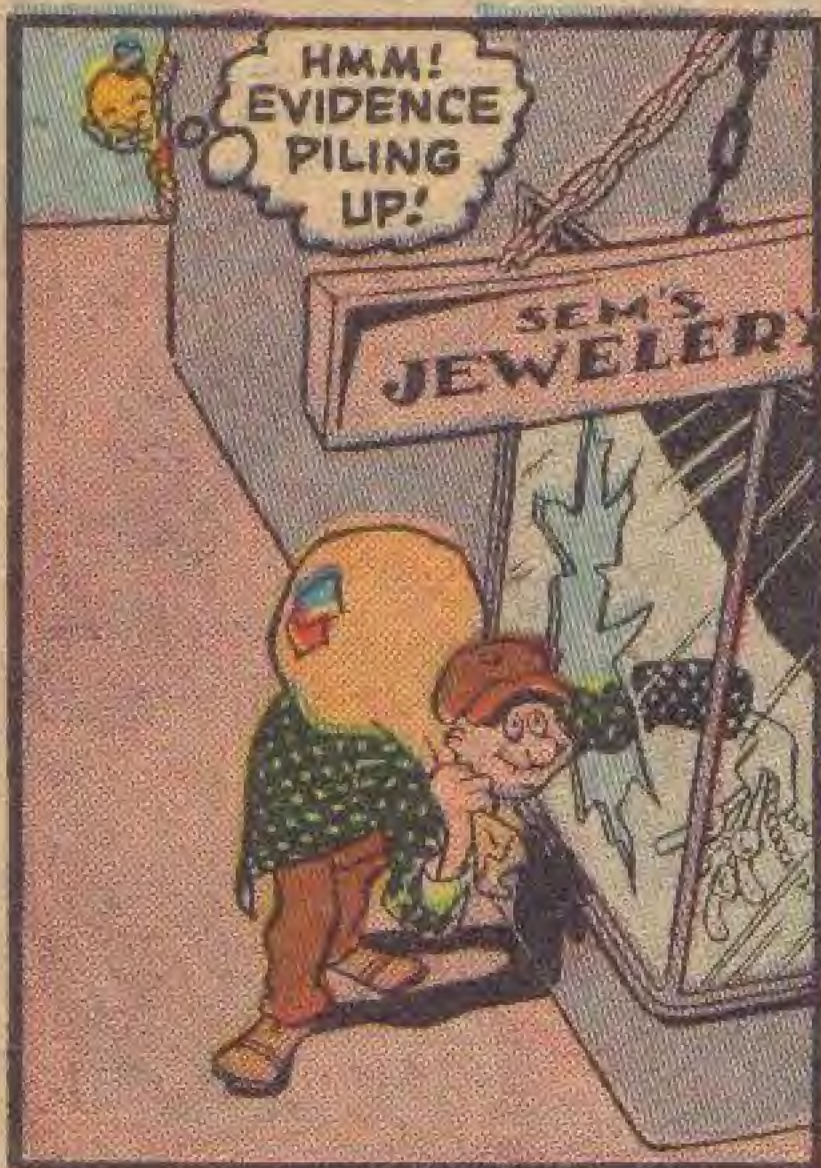


WUN CLOO



SEE NO EVIL HEAR NO EVIL SPEAK NO EVIL

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



BOYS!
Jim Prentice now brings you
THE AMAZING NEW 1950

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The greatest \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1½". The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!
 I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...
 WE GET A GREAT KICK
 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
 HIT!

NEVER BEFORE
 HAVE I SEEN A GAME
 THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL
 OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS
 THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
 FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES
 TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT
 -HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,
 BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

Fellas!

Get up a League!

PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3. with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3. postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



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- | | | |
|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | * Transformer plug-in models |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec. | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec. | \$3. | All Games Sent Postpaid |

C. O. D.
 Send \$1. deposit
 Postman collects
 balance and fee.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Street

City State

*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-RIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

... MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



... MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



... WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

... IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



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